

summer lovin', mike's got no tact by ilmostro

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Summary:

mike and will go swimming in lovers lake and soft, new feelings happen

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Author's Note:

this is just a tumblr prompt i filled that got a little too long so i'm posting it here! tell me what you thought! find me at tozbraks on tumblr :)

Will swallowed thickly as he watched Mike pull his t-shirt over his head in one smooth motion.

It was a bright, sunny day, with enough clouds in the sky to soften the glare of the sun. The lake sparkled as tiny peaks rose and fell along its surface. He had to admit; it did look tempting.

Never much for swimming, he was a bit tentative when Mike invited him to the lake for “—one final trip before our *senior year*, Will. We’re celebrating! You have to come.”

It was weird that all of their *other* friends pulled out at the last minute, stating some excuse or another. So it was just him, Mike, and Mike’s stupid back muscles.

His friend turned to urge him forward impatiently. “C’mon! I’d like to actually get to swim sometime soon, man.”

Will set his backpack down on the picnic table next to Mike’s. He tugged his own shirt off, and then kicked off his sneakers. He crossed his arms over his chest self consciously, and then hurried to catch up to Mike.

The taller boy ran ahead, splashing into the water and diving out of sight. Will was content to just stand ankle-deep and watch him enjoy himself. Mike broke out from the surface, shaking his curls out with his hand. He looked around, obviously noticing Will hadn’t joined him yet. He looked out back towards the shore, squinted, and then swam back towards Will. He rose out of the lake, streams of water running down his body, and Will looked up towards the sky and prayed for both the strength to survive today and to murder his friends the next time he saw them.

“You know the whole point of swimming is to actually get *in* the water, right?”

Will rolled his eyes in humor. “You know I’m not the best swimmer.”

“Lucky for you, I am,” Mike said playfully, grabbing Will by the wrist and dragging him further into the lake.

Will, being the whipped fool that he was, let him.

Luckily, Mike knew well enough by now that neck-deep was as much as Will would ever go without a floaty or something to hold onto nearby. He wasn’t so much bad at swimming as he was prone to panic attacks whenever he’s submerged in water, accidentally or otherwise.

Neck deep was only about chest deep for Mike, however.

“Just a tiny bit more?”

Will shook his head. “I don’t think that’s a good idea for me.”

Mike bit his lip, thinking it over.

“You could hold onto me? I won’t drop you.”

Will felt the blush form on his cheeks. Skin-to-skin with Mike Wheeler... he could have died right then and there. He tried to refuse, knowing he could never, *never*, keep his cool in a situation like that, but Mike wouldn’t take no for an answer.

He grabbed Will around the waist and hoisted him over his hips, coaxing his legs around Mike’s waist and holding him there. Will automatically wrapped his arms around his shoulders, deeply uncomfortable with not being able to feel the bottom of the lake anymore.

“Mike...”

“I’ve got you,” Mike reassured him softly, holding him firmly around the waist. He started inching back into the lake, taking slow, steady steps until they were both up to their necks. “See? Not so bad.”

Will was sure Mike could *feel* his heart pounding against their – *touching, holy shit, touching*– chests.

He smiled shakily, only really genuinely meaning it when Mike beamed at him. They floated easily together, Will was sure he weighed less than nothing in the water, being as scrawny as he was. Mike turned them in slow, bouncy circles, and eventually Will actually started to enjoy it. The water was cool and refreshing in contrast to the heat of the summer, and they were pretty secluded from the other people in the lake as well.

Mike carrying him didn't feel too bad, either.

"So I uh, might have lied about why I invited you out today," Mike said sheepishly. His hair was starting to dry around his face, framing it in loose, dark curls. Will blinked at him.

"Okay?"

"It's nothing bad! Just, um, remember how I said everyone was busy and couldn't come with us?"

"Yeah..." Will replied, furrowing his eyebrows in a very confused manner. Why was he being so weird?

The sun must have burned Mike a little bit, because his cheeks and ears were pink. Will did remind him to put sunscreen on, but he probably hadn't heard him. He hoped it didn't get too bad.

"I never– I never invited them."

Mike was staring at him with wide eyes, like Will was supposed to understand something from that sentence.

"Why not?" He was sure they would have liked the lake, and they were a lot more fun than Will was, that's for sure.

Mike huffed out a soft breath. "Because I wanted it to be just us."

Oh.

"Why? They're all way better swimmers than I am."

“That’s not the– that doesn’t matter.”

“Then why not?”

“Because–” Mike scrunched his nose in the way Will has always loved, and his heart flutters in his chest. “Do you know what this lake is called?”

Mike never mentioned it.

“No,” Will said slowly. “I don’t.”

He felt Mike take a deep breath.

“They call it Lovers Lake.”

There was the wide-eyed look again, accompanied by the erratic beat of Will’s heart. He felt Mike hold him just that much tighter, and finally realized what was happening.

“*Mike.*” The name fell from his lips before he could stop it.

“I know, god I know,” Mike said desperately. “But I just– our whole *lives*, and– you gotta– you gotta *know*, Will. You have to know that I do. It’s okay if you don’t, I promise it is. I know you probably don’t, but something kept telling me to go for it, and well... here I am.”

Mike didn’t know.

He didn’t know how long Will has spent counting and recounting each individual freckle on his face, how often he would stare at Mike’s soft curls and wish he could wrap one around his finger, how many times he’s had to pull his own hand away before it took Mike’s.

He didn’t know the hours Will spent remembering and copying down every minute detail of his face onto paper, how many sketches and paintings and charcoals he had hidden in a box underneath his bed dedicated to the masterpiece that was his best friend and only love. Only ever lovingly-crafted copies, but never as good as the original.

“Say something, Will. Please,” Mike begged him, starting to loosen his grip on Will’s waist, and that was when Will realized he was about to lose his chance.

“I’m gonna kiss you, now.”

They stared at each other, wide-eyed, processing the words that just came out of Will’s mouth. Will was about to apologize when–

“*Yeah*, okay.”

And so he gathered all of his courage, readjusted his hold around Mike’s shoulders, and did.